

KAFKA CLASSICS IN COMICS
西岡兄妹構成・作画
フランツ・カフカ著 池内紀訳

西岡兄妹構成・作画
フランツ・カフカ著 池内紀訳

ヴィレッジブックス



9784863322394



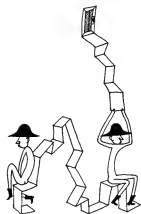
1920076013003

ISBN978-4-86332-239-4

C0076 ¥1300E

定価: 本体1300円+税

ヴィレッジブックス



Habanero Scans

pepperanon.blogspot.com

Megchan Scanlations

manga.megchan.com/blog

Fugacious Fella

fugaciousfella.tumblr.com

Translation - Megchan

Raws - elemhunter

Cleaning & Typesetting - Migeru

QC - Laika

Note: The translation of Kafka used in the original Japanese is by Ikeuchi Osamu. For the English version I chose to use a translation by Willa and Edwin Muir from "Franz Kafka: The Complete Stories", published in 1971. Any time Nishioka Kyodai have chosen to abridge the text, I have abridged the English text in the same manner.

カ
ラ
カ
KARAKA
CLASSICS IN COMICS



西岡兄妹
構成・作画
池内紀 訳

The
VULTURE

105

A
Country
Doctor

115

A
HUNGER
Artist

135

In the
Penal
Colony

149

Afterword: About
"The Metamorphosis"
by Nishioka Satoru

170

THE CARES
OF A
FAMILY MAN

5

The Meta-
morphosis

15

The
BUCKET
Rider

53

JACKALS
and
ARABS

73

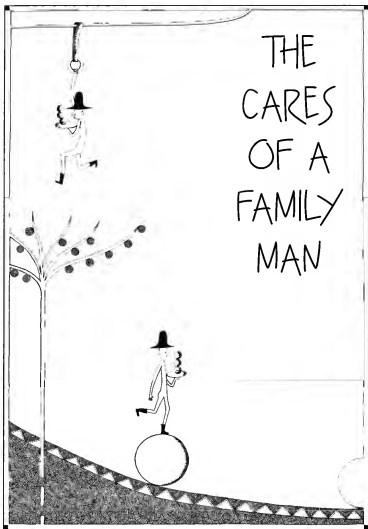
A FRATRICIDE

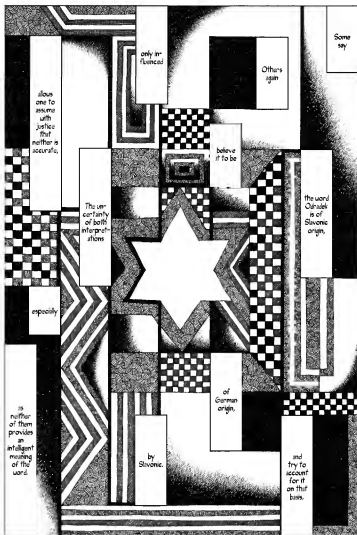
91

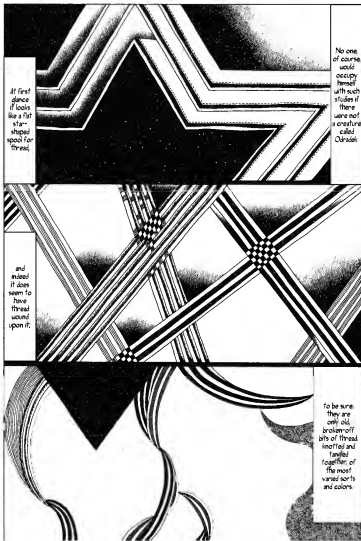
Table
of
Contents



THE CARES OF A FAMILY MAN





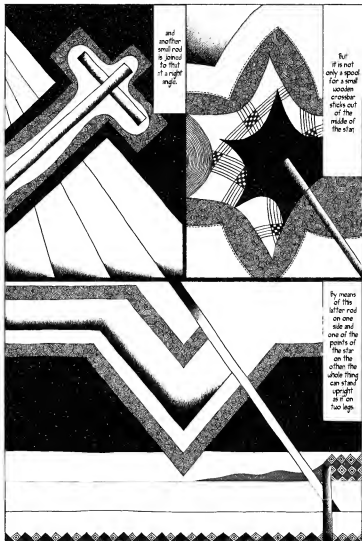


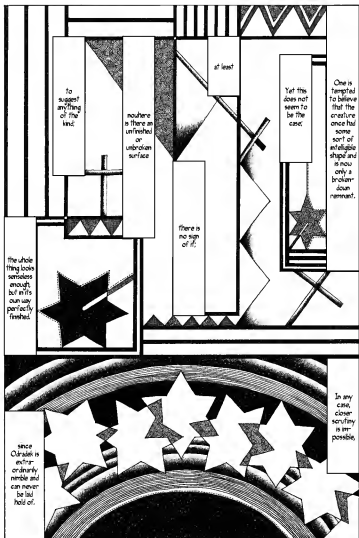
At first
glance
it looks
like a flat
star-
shaped
spool for
thread;

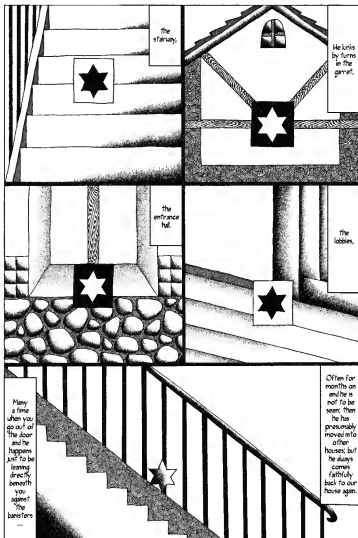
No one,
of course,
would
occupy
himself
with such
studies if
there
were not
a creature
called
Odradek.

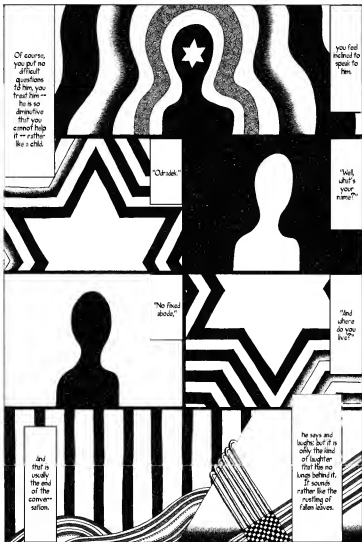
and
indeed
it does
seem to
have
thread
wound
upon it;

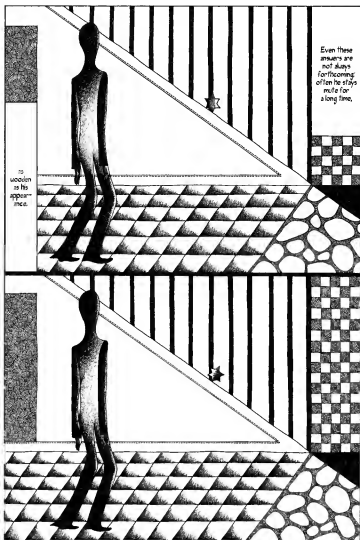
to be sure,
they are
only old,
broken-off
bits of thread,
knotted and
tangled
together, of
the most
varied sorts
and colors.

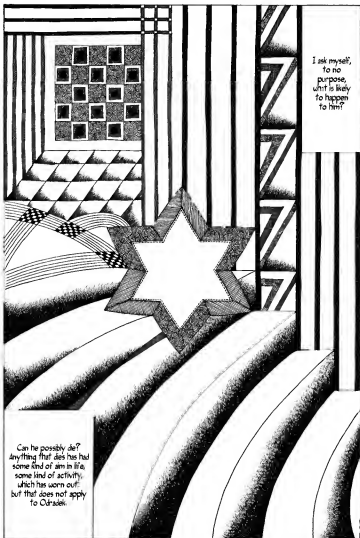






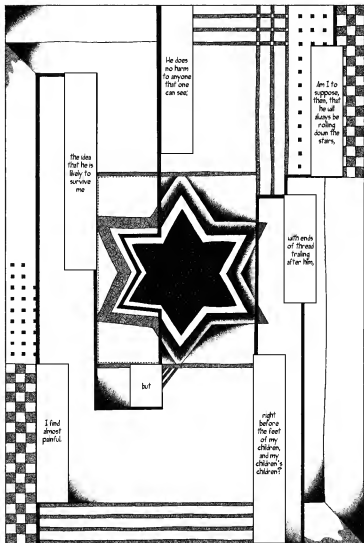




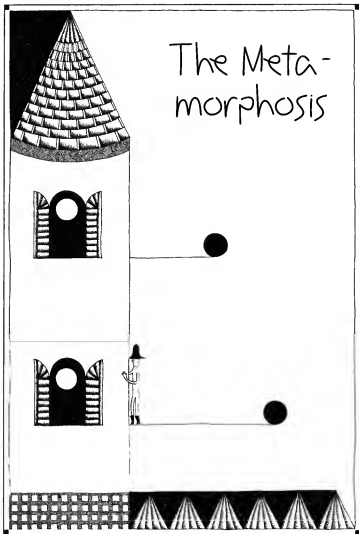


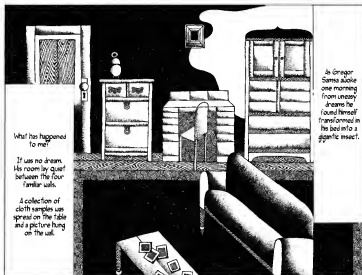
I ask myself,
to no
purpose,
what is likely
to happen
to him?

Can he possibly die?
Anything that dies has had
some kind of aim in life,
some kind of activity,
which has worn out;
but that does not apply
to Odradek.



The Meta- morphosis



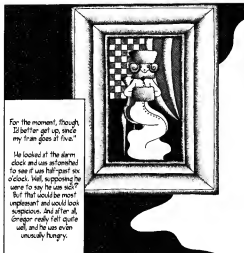


What has happened to me?

It was no dream. His room lay quiet between the four familiar walls.

A collection of cloth samples was spread on the table and a picture hung on the wall.

As Gregor Samsa awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a gigantic insect.



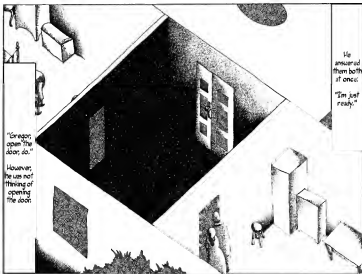
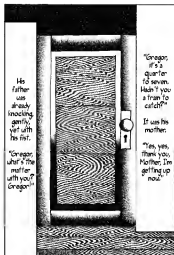
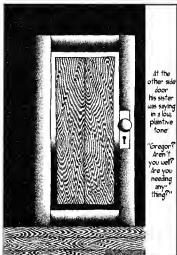
For the moment, though, I'd better get up, since my train goes at five."

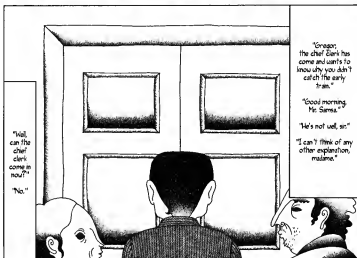
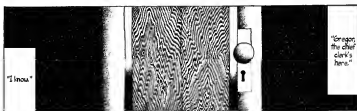
He looked at the alarm clock and was astonished to see it was half-past six o'clock. Well, supposing he were to say he was sick? But that would be most unpleasant and would look suspicious. And after all, Gregor really felt quite well, and he was even unusually hungry.

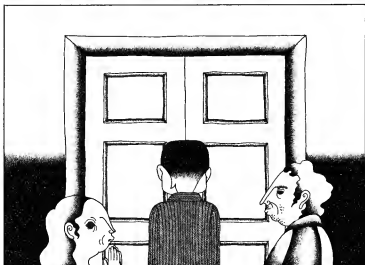
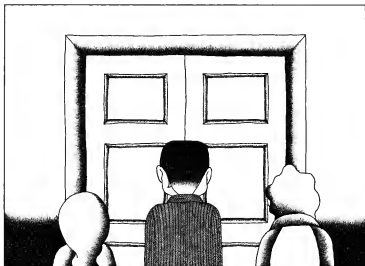
"Oh God, what an exhausting job I've picked on!"

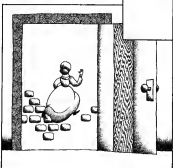
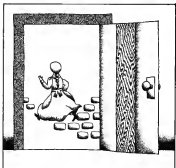
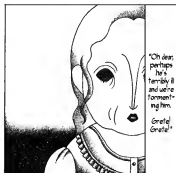
Traveling about day in, day out. It's much more irritating work than doing the actual business in the office, and on top of that there's the trouble of constant traveling, of worrying about train connections, the bed and irregular meals, casual acquaintances that are always new and never become intimate friends.

The devil take it all! This getting up early, he thought, makes one quite stupid.



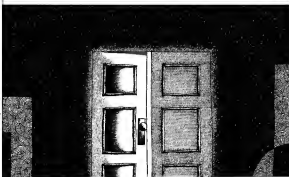






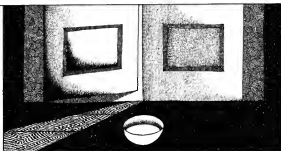


He pushed his way to the door to see what had been happening there.



Not until it was twilight did Eragon awake out of a deep sleep, more like a swoon than a sleep.

For there stood a basin filled with fresh milk in which floated little sops of white bread.



He had reached the door before he discovered what had really drawn him to it: the smell of food.

But soon in disappointment he withdrew it again:

he did not like the milk, although milk had been his favorite drink and that was certainly why his sister had set it there for him; indeed it was almost with repulsion that he turned away from the basin and crawled back to the middle of the room.



He could almost have laughed with joy, since he was now still hungrier than in the morning,

and he dipped his head straight into the milk.

But what if
all the quiet,
the comfort,
the contentment
were now to end
in horror?

To keep himself
from being lost in
such thoughts
Gregor took refuge
in movement and
crawled up and down
the room.

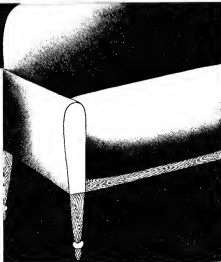


He could see through the crack
of the door that the gas was
turned on in the living room,
but not a sound was now
to be heard.

"What a quiet life our family
has been leading," said Gregor
to himself, and as he sat there
motionless staring into the
darkness he felt great pride in
the fact that he had been able
to provide such a life for
his parents and sister
in such a fine flat.

He felt comfortable
at once, although his
back was a little cramped
and he could not lift his
head up, and his only
regret was that his body
was too broad to get
the whole of it under
the sofa.

He stayed there all night,
spending the time partly
in a light slumber,
from which his hunger
kept waking him up
with a start.



But the lofty,
empty room
in which he had to
lie flat on the floor
filled him with an
apprehension
he could not
account for --
and with a
half-unconscious
action, not without
a slight feeling of
shame, he scuttled
under the sofa.

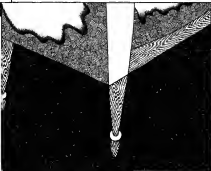
But as if regretting her behavior she opened the door again immediately and came in on tiptoe, as if she were visiting an invalid or even a stranger.



Very early in the morning, Gregor had the chance to test the strength of his new resolutions, for his sister, nearly fully dressed, opened the door from the hall and peered in.

She did not see him at once, yet when she caught sight of him under the sofa, she was so startled that without being able to help it she slammed the door shut again.

although he felt a wild impulse to dart out from under the sofa, throw himself at her feet, and beg her for something to eat.



Gregor had pushed his head forward to the very edge of the sofa and watched her.

Would she notice that he had left the milk standing, and not for lack of hunger, and would she bring in some other kind of food more to his taste?

If she did not do it of her own accord, he would rather starve than draw her attention to the fact.

and carried it away.

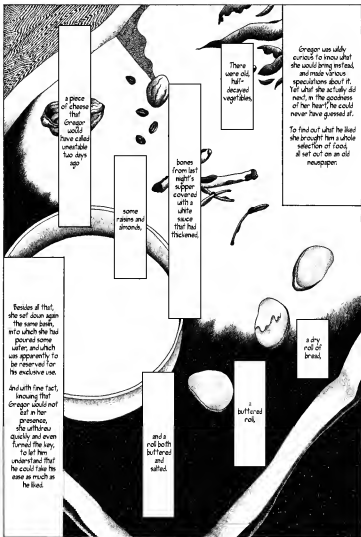


She lifted it, inner dirty, not with her bare hands, true, but with a cloth

that the basin was still full, except for a little milk that had been spilled all around it.



But his sister at once noticed, with surprise,



a piece of cheese that Gregor would have called uneatable two days ago

some raisins and almonds,

bones from last night's supper covered with a white sauce that had thickened,

There were old, half-decayed vegetables,

Gregor was oddly curious to know what she would bring instead, and made various speculations about it. Yet what she actually did next, in the goodness of her heart, he could never have guessed at.

To find out what he liked she brought him a whole selection of food, all set out on an old newspaper.

Besides all that, she set down again the same basin, into which she had poured some water, and which was apparently to be reserved for his exclusive use.

And with fine tact, knowing that Gregor would not eat in her presence, she withdrew quickly and even turned the key, to let him understand that he could take his ease as much as he liked.

and a roll both buttered and salted.

a buttered roll,

a dry roll of bread,

One
after
mother
and with
tears of
sister
faction in
his eyes



He sucked
greedily at
the cheese,
which above
all the other
edibles
attracted
him at
once and
strongly.



the
vegetables,
and the
saucer;



he
quickly
devoured
the
cheese,

he could not
even stand the
smell of it and
actually dragged
away to some
little distance
the things he
could eat.



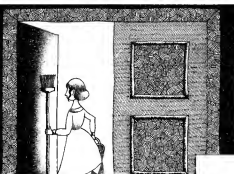
the fresh
food on
the other
hand had
no charms
for him.

But it took considerable
self-control for him to
stay under the sofa
even for the short time
his sister was in the room,
since the large meal had
swollen his body somewhat
and he was so cramped
he could hardly breathe.



When his sister turned
the key slowly as a sign
for him to retreat,
that roused him at once,
although he was nearly
asleep, and he hurried
under the sofa again.

but even the things he had not touched, as if these were now of no use to anyone, and hastily shoving it all into a bucket, which she covered with a wooden lid and carried away.



Slight attacks of breathlessness afflicted him and his eyes were starting a little out of his head as he watched his unsuspecting sister sweeping together with a broom not only the remains of what he had eaten.

Not that they would have wanted him to starve, of course,

but perhaps they could not have borne to know more about his feeling than from hearsay, perhaps too his sister wanted to spare them such little anxieties whenever possible, since they had quite enough to bear as it was.



In this manner Gregor was fed, once in the early morning while his parents and the servant girl were still asleep, and a second time after they had all had their midday dinner, for then his parents took a short nap and the servant girl could be sent out on some errand or other by his sister.

"Every-thing's been left standing again."



and when he had not eaten, which gradually happened more and more often, she would say almost sadly:

she would say when Gregor had made a good clearance of his food:

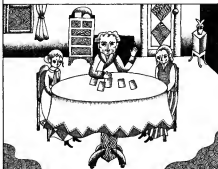


Later on, when she had got a little used to the situation -- of course she could never get completely used to it -- she sometimes threw out a remark which was kindly meant or could be so interpreted.

"Well, he liked his dinner today."

And besides that, the money Gregor brought home every month -- he had kept only a few dollars for himself -- had never been quite used up and now amounted to a small capital sum.

Behind the door Gregor nodded his head eagerly, rejoiced at this evidence of unexpected thrift and foresight.



In the course of that very first day Gregor's father explained the family's financial position and prospects to both his mother and his sister. A certain small amount of investments had survived the wreck of their fortunes and had even increased a little because the dividends had not been touched meanwhile.



And Gregor's old mother, how was she to earn a living?

and could not be expected to do much.



Yet this capital was by no means sufficient to let the family live on the interest of it.

Money for living expenses would have to be earned. Now his father was still hale enough but an old man, and he had done no work for the past five years.

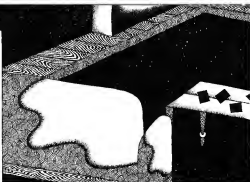
and above all playing the violin -- it was his secret plan to send her to the conservatory next year.



And was his sister to earn her bread?

She who was still a child of seventeen and whose life hitherto had been so pleasant, consoling as it did in dressing herself nicely, sleeping long, helping in the housekeeping, going out to a few modest entertainments,

Often he just lay there the long nights through without sleeping at all, scribbling for hours on the leather.



At first whenever the need for earning money was mentioned Gregor let go his hold on the door and threw himself down on the cool leather sofa beside it, he felt so hot with shame and grief.

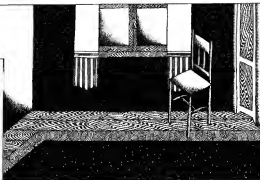
For in reality day by day things that were even a little way off were growing dimmer to his sight;

if he had not known that he lived in Charlotte Street, a quiet street but still a city street, he might have believed that his window gave on a desert waste.



Or he nerved himself to the great effort of pushing an armchair to the window, then craved up over the window sill and, braced against the chair, leaned against the windowpanes, obviously in some recollection of the sense of freedom that looking out of a window always used to give him.

after that whenever she had tidied the room she always pushed the chair back to the same place at the window and even left the inner-casement's open.



His quick-witted sister only needed to observe twice that the armchair stood by the window.

but he had to wait until midday before she came again, and she seemed more ill at ease than usual.

This made him realize how repulsive the sight of him still was to her, and that it was bound to go on being repulsive, and what an effort it must cost her not to run away even from the sight of the small portion of his body that stuck out from under the sofa.



On one occasion, about a month after Gregor's metamorphosis, when there was surely no reason for her to be still startled at his appearance, she came a little earlier than usual and found him gazing out of the window.

She jumped back as if in alarm and banged the door shut. Of course he hid himself under the sofa at once.

Had she considered the sheet unnecessary, she would certainly have stripped it off the sofa again, for it was clear enough that this curling and confining of himself was not likely to conduce to Gregor's comfort,

but she left it where it was.



In order to spare her that, therefore, one day he carried a sheet on his back to the sofa and arranged it there in such a way as to hide him completely.



to see how she was taking the new arrangement.



and Gregor even fancied that he caught a thankful glance from her eye when he lifted the sheet carefully a very little with his head.

Gregor thought that it might be well to have her come in, not every day, of course, but perhaps once a week.

she understood things, after all, much better than his sister, who was only a child despite the efforts she was making and had perhaps taken on so difficult a task merely out of childish thoughtlessness.



His mother began relatively soon to want to visit him, but his father and sister dissuaded her at first with arguments which Gregor listened to very attentively and altogether approved.

Later, however, she had to be held back by main force, and when she cried out:

"To let me in to Gregor, he is my unfortunate son! Can't you understand that I must go to him!"

His sister at once remarked the new distraction Gregor had found for himself and she got the idea in her head of giving him as wide a field as possible to crawl in and of removing the pieces of furniture that hindered him, above all the chest of drawers and the writing desk.

But that was more than she could manage all by herself.

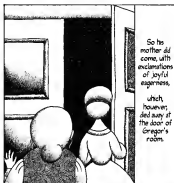


Gregor's desire to see his mother was soon fulfilled. He could not crawl very far around the few square yards of floor space he had, nor could he bear lying quietly at rest all during the night,

while he was fast losing any interest he had ever taken in food, so that for mere recreation he had formed the habit of crawling onscreen over the walls and ceiling.



Gregor's sister, of course, went in first, to see that everything was in order before letting his mother enter.



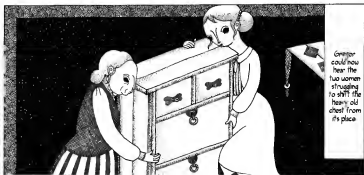
So his mother did come, with exclamations of joyful eagerness, which, however, died away at the door of Gregor's room.



"Come in, he's out of sight."

In great haste Gregor pulled the sheet lower.

He renounced the pleasure of seeing his mother on this occasion and was only glad that she had come at all.



Gregor could now hear the two women struggling to shift the heavy old chest from its place.

"And doesn't it look as if we were showing him, by taking away his furniture, that we have given up hope of his ever getting better and are just leaving him cold to himself?"

I think it would be best to keep his room exactly as it has always been, so that when he comes back to us he will find everything unchanged and be able all the more easily to forget what has happened in between.



After at least a quarter of an hour's tugging his mother objected that the chest had better be left where it was, for she was not at all certain that removing the furniture would be doing a service to Gregor.

She was not to be moved from her resolve by her mother.

The women cleared his room out, taking away everything he loved.



Unfortunately his sister was of the contrary opinion;

she had grown accustomed, and not without reason, to consider herself an expert in Gregor's affairs as against her parents's.



Nothing should be taken out of his room; everything must stay as it was.

On hearing these words from his mother Gregor realized that the lack of all direct human speech for the past two months together with the monotony of family life must have confused his mind, otherwise he could not account for the fact that he had quite earnestly looked forward to having his room emptied of furniture.

He clung to his picture and would not give it up.

His mother caught sight of the huge brown mass on the flowered wallpaper, and before she was really conscious that what she saw was Gregor, screamed in a loud, hoarse voice:

"Oh God, oh God!"



And so he rushed out.

On the wall opposite, which was already otherwise cleared, he was struck by the picture of the lady muffled in so much fur and quickly craned up to it and pressed himself to the glass.

This was the first time she had directly addressed him since his metamorphosis.



"Gregor!" cried his sister, shaking her fist and glaring at him.

"Mother has been fainting, but she's better now. Gregor's broken loose."

"Just what I expected."

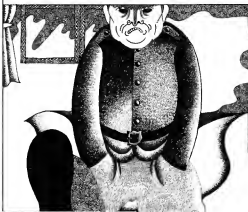


Then the doorbell rang.

It was his father.

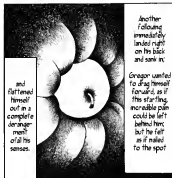
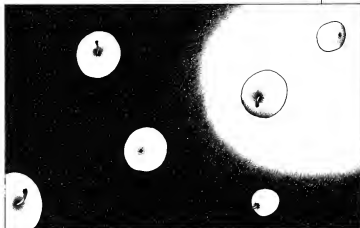
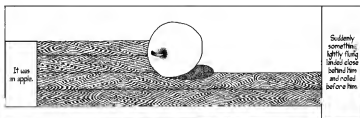
"What's been happening?"

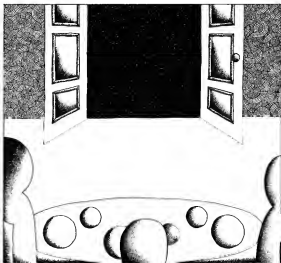
Gregor was aware, as he had been from the very first day of his new life, that his father believed only the severest measures suitable for dealing with him.



Hands in his trouser pockets,

he advanced with a grim visage toward Gregor.





The serious injury done to Gregor, which disabled him for more than a month seemed to have made even his father recollect that Gregor was a member of the family, despite his present unfortunate and repulsive shape, and ought not to be treated as an enemy, that, on the contrary, family duty required the suppression of disgust and the exercise of patience, nothing but patience.

so that lying in the darkness of his room, invisible to the family, he could see them all at the lamp-lit table and listen to their talk, by general consent as it were.



And although his injury had impaired his powers of movement, and for the time being it took him long, long minutes to creep across his room, yet in his own opinion he was sufficiently compensated for this worsening of his condition by the fact that toward evening the living-room door was always thrown open,



was learning shorthand and French in the evenings on the chance of bettering herself.

His sister, who had taken a job as a salesgirl,



His mother, bending low over the lamp, stitched at fine sewing for an underwear firm.



Soon after supper his father would fall asleep in his armchair.



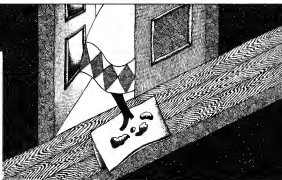
In this over-worked and tired-out family, to bother about Gregor more than was absolutely needful?

Who could find time,



The servant girl was turned off; a gigantic bony char-woman with white hair flying around her head came in morning and evening to do the rough work.

but in the morning and at noon before she went to business hurriedly pushed into his room with her foot any food that was available.



His sister no longer took thought to bring him what might especially please him,

with one sweep of the broom, heedless of whether it had been merely tasted, or -- as most frequently happened -- left untouched.



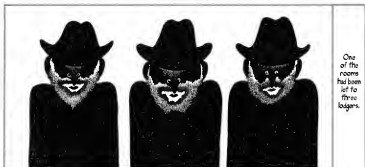
and in the evening cleared it out again.

kept it there for an hour at a time, and usually spit it out again.

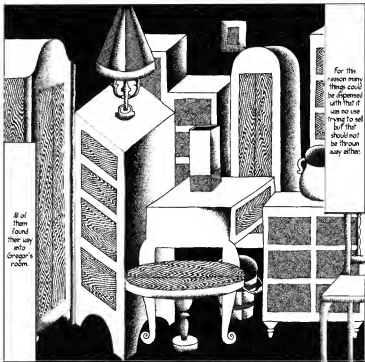


Gregor was now eating hardly anything.

Only when he happened to pass the food laid out for him did he take a bit of something in his mouth as a pastime,



One
of the
rooms
had been
let to
three
lodgers.



For this
reason many
things could
be dispensed
with that it
was no use
trying to sell
but that
should not
be thrown
away either

All of
them
found
their way
into
Gregor's
room.

yet Gregor reconciled himself quite easily to the shutting of the door, for often enough on evenings when it was opened he had disregarded it entirely and lain in the darkest corner of his room, quite unnoticed by the family.



Since the lodgers often ate their supper at home in the common living room, the living room door stayed shut many an evening.

They set themselves at the top end of the table where formerly Gregor and his father and mother had eaten their meals, unfolded their napkins, and took knife and fork in hand.



But on one occasion the charwoman left the door open a little and it stayed ajar even when the lodgers came in for supper and the lamp was lit.



At once his mother appeared in the other doorway with a dish of meat and close behind her his sister with a dish of potatoes piled high.

"I'm hungry enough," said Gregor sadly to himself,

"but not for that kind of food. How these lodgers are stuffing themselves, and here I am dying of starvation!"



When they were alone again they ate their food in almost complete silence.

It seemed remarkable to Gregor that among the various noises coming from the table he could always distinguish the sound of their rustling teeth, as if this were a sign to Gregor that one needed teeth in order to eat.

The lodgers
pricked up
their ears,
got to
their feet,
and went
on tiptoe
to the hall
door where
they stood
huddled
together.

On that very
evening --
during the whole
of his time
there Gregor
could not
remember ever
having heard
the violin --
the sound of
violin-playing
came from
the kitchen.

"Oh
certainly."

"On the
contrary,
could not
Fraulein Samsa
come and play
in this room,
beside us,
where it is
much more
convenient and
comfortable?"

Gregor's
father called
out:

"Is the
violin-playing
disturbing
you,
gentlemen?
It can be
stopped at
once."



Presently
Gregor's
father arrived
with the music
stand,

his mother
carrying the
music and his
sister with
the violin.

He felt hardly
any surprise at
his growing
lack of
consideration
for the others:

there had been
a time when he
prided himself
on being
considerate.

And yet just on
this occasion
he had more
reason than
ever to hide
himself.



Gregor's sister
began to play:

Gregor,
attracted by
the playing,
ventured to
move forward
a little until his
head was actually
inside the living
room.



The
lodgers,
however,
who first
of all had
stationed
them-
selves
much
too close
behind
the music
stand,



To be
sure, no
one was
aware of
him.

The family
was
entirely
absorbed
in the
violin-
playing.

Indeed, they were
making it more
than obvious that
they had been
disappointed in
their expectation
of hearing good
or enjoyable
violin-playing.

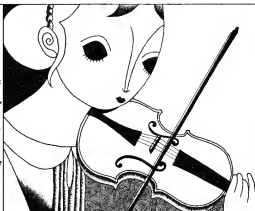
that they had
had more than
enough of the
performance
and only out of
courtesy suffered
a continued
disturbance of
their peace.



soon
retreated
to the
window,
half
whispering
with
downturned
heads.

Was he
an animal,
that music
had such
an effect
upon him?

He felt as
if the way
were
opening
before
him to the
unknown
nourish-
ment he
craved.



And yet Gregor's
sister was playing so
beautifully! Her face
leaned sideways,
intently and sadly her
eyes followed the
notes of music.

Gregor craned a little
farther forward and
lowered his head to
the ground so that it
might be possible for
his eyes to meet hers.

He would never let her
out of his room, at least,
not so long as he lived.

his sister should need no
constraint, she should stay
with him of her own
free will.

she should sit beside him
on the sofa, bend down
her ear to him, and hear
him confide that he had had
the firm intention of
sending her to the
Conservatorium, and that,
but for his mishap, last
Christmas -- surely
Christmas was long past?



He was
determined to
push forward
till he reached
his sister,
to pull at her
skirt and so let
her know that
she was to
come into his
room with her
violin, for no
one here
appreciated
her playing as
he would
appreciate it.

cried the middle lodger to Gregor's father, and pointed, without wasting any more words, at Gregor, now working himself slowly forward.



"Mr. Sams!"



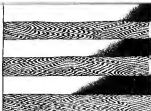
The lodgers were not at all agitated and apparently found Gregor more entertaining than the violin-playing.

Naturally I won't pay you a penny for the days I have lived here, on the contrary I shall consider bringing an action for damages against you."



"I beg to announce that because of the disgusting conditions prevailing in this household and family I give you notice on the spot."

and shut the door with a slam.



On that he seized the door handle



Gregor's father, groping with his hands, staggered forward and fell into his chain.



Gregor had simply stayed quietly all the time on the spot where the lodgers had espied him.

Disappointment at the failure of his plan, perhaps also the weakness arising from extreme hunger, made it impossible for him to move.

He must go,
that's the only
solution,
Father. You
must just try
to get rid of
the idea that
this is Gregor.

The fact that
we've believed
it for so long
is the root of
all our trouble.
If this were
Gregor, he
would have
realised long
ago that human
beings can't
live with such a
creature, and
he'd have gone
away on his
own accord.

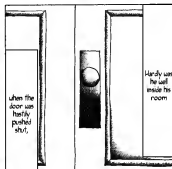
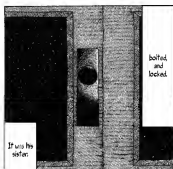
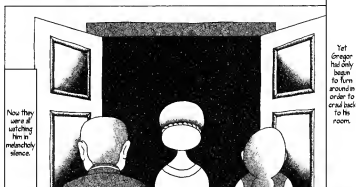
Then we
wouldn't have
any brother,
but we'd be able
to go on living
and keep his
memory in
honour."



"My dear
parents,
things can't
go on like this.

Perhaps you
don't realize
that, but I do.
I won't utter
my brother's
name in the
presence of
this creature,
and so all I say
is we must try
to get rid of it.

We've tried to
look after it
and to put up
with it as far as
is humanly
possible, and
I don't think
anyone could
reproach us in
the slightest.



He thought
of his family
with
tenderness
and love.

The decision
that he must
disappear was
one that he
held to even
more
strongly
than his
sister if
that were
possible.

"And what
now?" said
Gregor to
himself,
looking
around.

Soon he
made the
discovery
that he was
now unable
to stir
a limb.

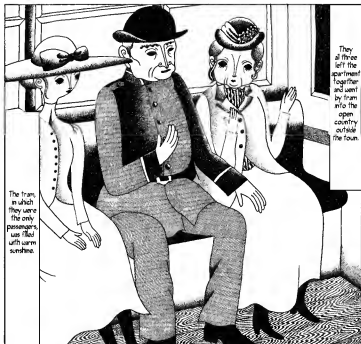
struck
three
in the
morning.

In this state
of vacant and
peaceful
meditation
he remained
until the
tower clock

Then his
head sank
to the
floor of its
own accord
and from
his nostrils
came the
last faint
flicker of
his breath.

The first
broadening
of light in
the world
outside
the window
entered
his
conscious-
ness once
more.





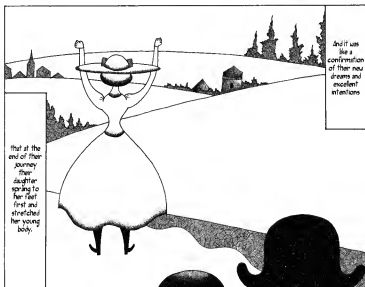
The tram, in which they were the only passengers, was filled with warm sunshine.

They all three left the apartment together and went by tram into the open country outside the town.



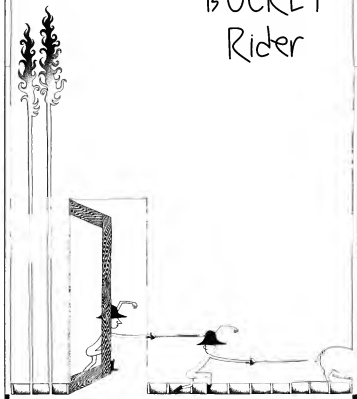
While they were thus conversing it struck both Mr. and Mrs. Samsa almost at the same moment.

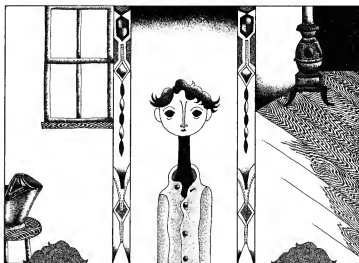
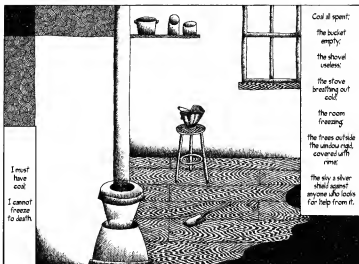
Leaning comfortably back in their seats they canvassed their prospects for the future.

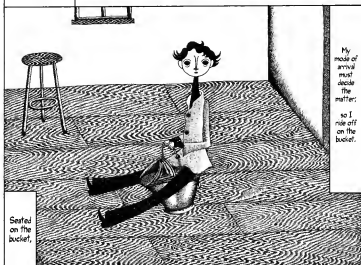
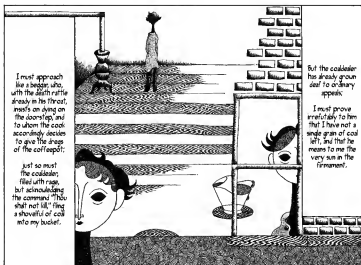


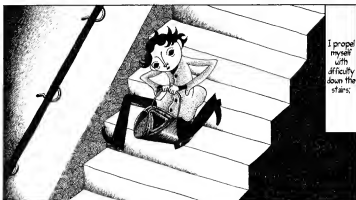


The BUCKET Rider









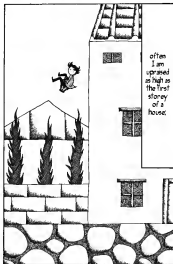
my
bucket
ascends.



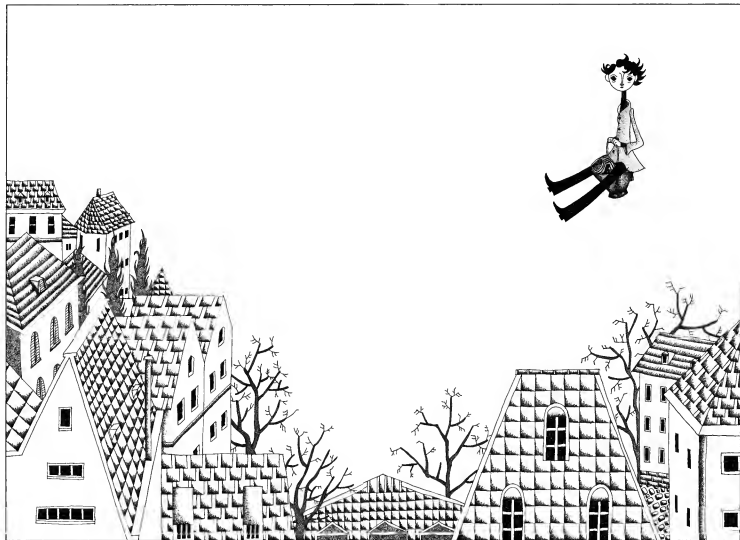
Superbly,
superbly:

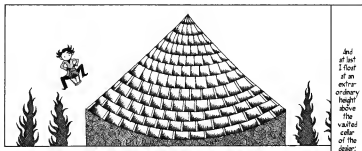
cameis humbly
squatting on
the ground do
not rise with
more dignity,
shaking
themselves
under the
sticks of
their drivers.



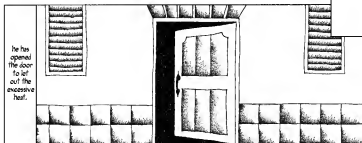








And at last I float at an extraordinary height above the vaulted collar of the dealer;



he has opened the door to let out the excessive heat.



The dealer puts his hand to his ear.

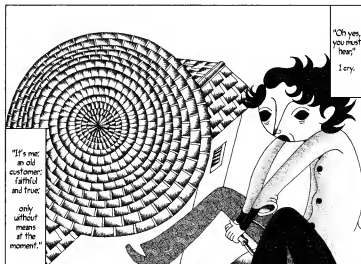
"please, coaldealer, give me a little coal.

My bucket is so light that I can ride on it. Be kind. When I can I'll pay you."

"Coal-dealer!"

I cry in a voice burned hollow by the frost and muffled in the cloud made by my breath.







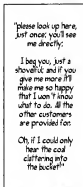
I cry.

"But I'm sitting up here on the bucket!"



"It's nobody, the street is empty, all our customers are provided for;

we could close down the shop for several days and take a rest."

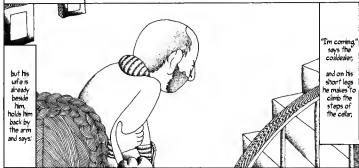


"please look up here, just once; you'll see me directly;

I beg you, just a shovel; and if you give me more it'll make me so happy that I won't know what to do. All the other customers are provided for.

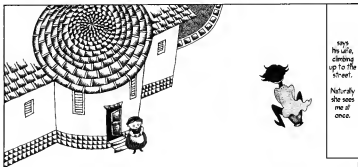
Oh, if I could only hear the coal clattering into the bucket!"

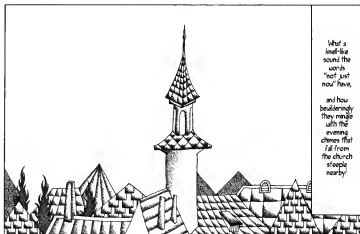
and numb, frozen tears dim my eyes.

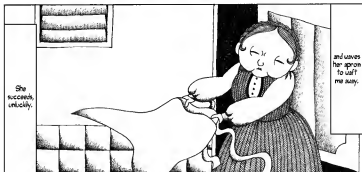


but his wife is already beside him, holds him back by the arm and says:

"I'm coming," says the coaldealer, and on his short legs he makes to climb the steps of the cellar;









a woman's
apron
can make
it fly
through
the air.

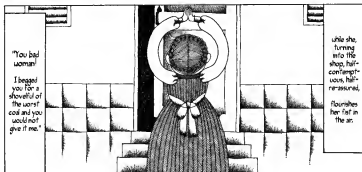
My bucket
has all the
virtues of a
good steel
except
powers of
resistance,
which it has
not;

it is
too light;



"You bad
woman!"

I shout
back,

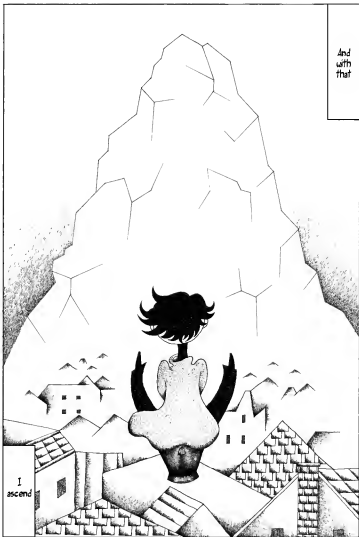


"You bad
woman!"

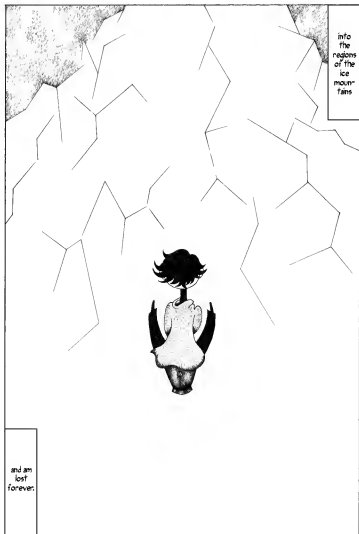
I begged
you for a
shovelful of
the worst
coal and you
would not
give it me."

while she,
turning
into the
shop, half-
contemptuous,
half-
re-assured,
flourishes
her fist in
the air

And
with
that

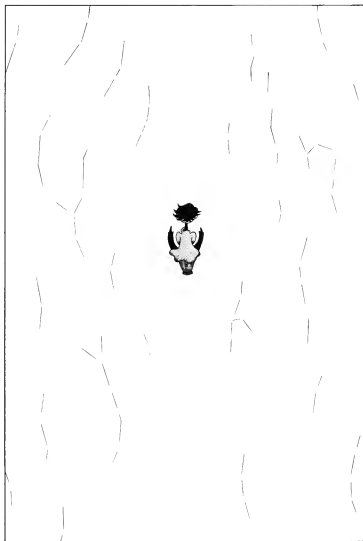


I
ascend

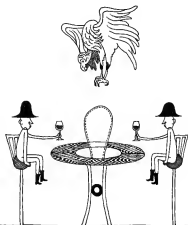


into
the
regions
of the
ice
mount-
ains

and am
lost
forever.



JACKALS and ARABS





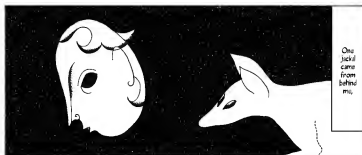




I sat up
again.

And what
had been
so far
away was
all at
once
quite
near.

Jackals were
swarming
around me,
eyes gleaming
dull gold and
vanishing again,
lithe bodies
moving
nimble and
rhythmically,
as if at the
crack of
a whip.



One
jackal
came
from
behind
me.



and then
stood
before me
and spoke
to me
almost eye
to eye.



nudging
right
under
my arm,
pressing
against
me, as
if he
needed
my
warmth.

"That is
surprising"

said I, forgetting
to kindle the pile
of firewood which
lay ready to smoke
away jackals.

"that is very
surprising for
me to hear.

It is by pure
chance that I have
come here from
the far North, and
I am making only
a short tour of
your country.

What do you
jackals want,
then?"

"I am the oldest
jackal far and
wide.

I am delighted to
have met you
here at last.

I had almost
given up hope,
since we have
been waiting
endless years
for you.

my mother
waited for you,
and her mother,
and all our
foremothers
right back to the
first mother of
all the jackals.
It is true,
believe me"





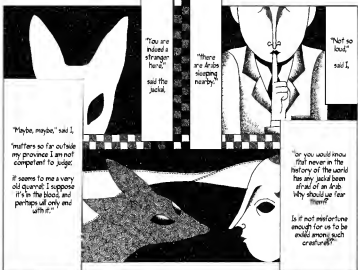
"That you have come from
the North: that is just
what we base our hopes on.

You Northerners have the
kind of intelligence that is
not to be found among
Arabs. Not a spark of
intelligence, let me tell you,
can be struck from their
cold arrogance.

They kill animals for food,
and cannon they despise."



"We know,"
began the
ducat,



and they all began to
pant more quickly;

the air pumped out
of their lungs
although they were
stifling still;

a rank smell which at
times I had to set
my teeth to endure
streamed from
their open jaws,

"You are
very
clever,"
said the
old jackal

"Oh!" said I, more
vehemently than
I intended,

"They'll defend
themselves; they'll
shoot you down in
dozens with their
muskets."

"You misunderstand
us," said he,

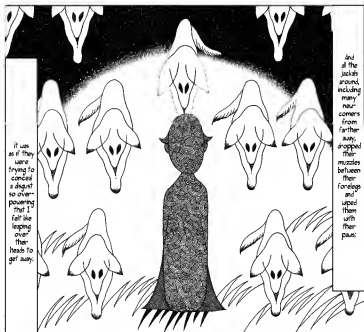
"you are very
clever; what
you have just
said agrees
with our old
tradition.

So we shall
draw blood
from them
and the
quarrel will
be over."

Why, the
mere sight
of their
living flesh
makes us
turn tail and
flee into
desert air;
into the
desert,
which for
that very
reason is
our home."

"a human
flesh which
persists
apparently
even in the
far North.

We're not
proposing
to kill them.
All the water
in the Nile
couldn't
cleanse us
of that.



"They will, of course," said the old one.

"If that is your wish."



"They must let go!" I cried,

turning now to the old jackal, now to the youngsters.

explained the old jackal, quite seriously, "a mark of honor."



"These are your train-bearers."

"Don't hold it against us that we are clumsy," said he, and now for the first time had recourse to the natural plainness of his voice.

"We are poor creatures, we have nothing but our teeth; whatever we want to do, good or bad, we can tackle it only with our teeth."



"But it will take a little time, for they have got their teeth well in, as is our custom, and must first loosen their jaws bit by bit.

Meanwhile, give ear to our petition."

"Your conduct hasn't exactly inclined me to grant it."

and all the jackals howled together:

very remotely it seemed to resemble a melody.



"Well, what do you want?"

I asked, not much mollified.

"Sir," he cried,

And now they
were all lamenting
and sobbing.

"How can you
bear to live in
such a world,
O noble heart and
kindly bowels?"

Filth is their
white; filth is their
black; their beads
are a horror; the
very sight of
their eye sockets
makes one want
to spit; and when
they lift an arm,
the muck of hell
yawns in the
armpit.

And so, sir, and so,
dear sir, by means
of your all-
powerful hands
slit their throats
through with
these scissors!"



"Sir, we want you
to end this quarrel
that divided the
world.

You are exactly
the man whom our
ancestors foretold
as born to do it.

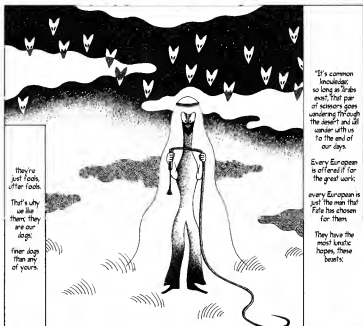
We want to be
troubled no
more by drabs;
room to breathe;
a skyline cleansed
of them; no more
bleating of sheep
infested by an drab;
every beast to do
a natural death;
no interference till
we have drained the
carcass empty and
picked its bones
clean.

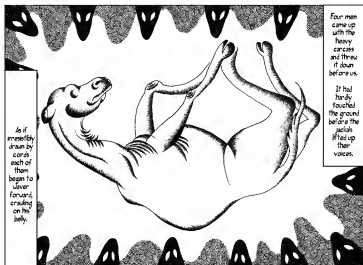
Cleanliness, nothing
but cleanliness is
what we want."

with a
small pair
of sewing
scissors,
covered
with rust.

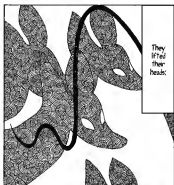


And in
answer
to a jerk
of his
head a
jackal
came
trotting
up.

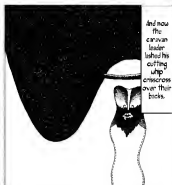








They
lifted
their
heads;



And now
the
caravan
leader
lashed his
cutting
whip
across
over their
backs.



but
swooning
in ecstasy;

saw the
Arabs
standing
before
them;



felt the
sting of
the whip
on their
muzzles;

leaped
and ran
backwards
a stretch.



But the camel was already lying in pools, reaching to heaven,

the carcass was torn wide open in many places.



They could not resist it:

they were back again!



"You are right, sir," said he.



I stayed his arm.

once more the lender lifted his whip:



"We'll
leave
them
to their
business;

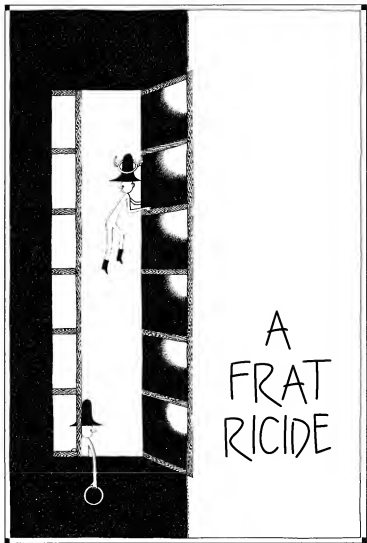
besides,
it's time
to break
camp.

Well,
you've
seen
them.

Marvel-
ous
creat-
ures,
aren't
they?

And

how
they
hate
us!"



A
FRAT
RICIDE



His weapon,
half a bayonet
and half
a kitchen knife,
he kept firmly
in his grasp,
quite naked.

He looked at
the knife
against the light
of the moon;
the blade
glittered.

The night air
was shivering
cold.

Yet Schwar
was wearing
only a thin
blue suit: the
jacket was
unbuttoned,
too.

He felt no
cold, besides,
he was
moving about
all the time.



and to
repair the
damage
draw it like
a violin bow
across his
boot sole
while he
bent
forward,
standing on
one leg, and
listened
both to the
whistling of
the knife
on his boot
and for any
sound out
of the
fateful side
street.

He
regretted
that,
perhaps,

Not
enough
for
Schwar:
he struck
it against
the bricks
of the
pavement
till the
sparks
flew.



The
evidence
shows
that
this is
how the
murder
was
committed.

Schwar,
the
murderer,

took up
his post
about
nine
o'clock
one night
in clear
moonlight
by the
corner

where
Wien,
his
victim,
had to
turn
from the
street
where
his
office
was into
the street
he
lived in.



Unriddle
the
myster-
ies of
human
nature!

With his
collar
tucked
up, his
dressing
gown gripped
around
his
portly
body,

he stood
looking
down,
shaking
his head.



Why
did Pallas,
the
private
citizen
who was
watching
it all
from his
window
nearby
in the
second
storey,
permit
it to
happen?





And five
houses
further
along,

on the
opposite
side of
the
street,

who was
lingering
unusually
late
tonight.



Mrs. Wese,
with a
fox-fur
coat over
her
nightgown,

peered
out to
look for
her
husband

and Wese,
the
industrious
nightworker,
skived from
the building,
still invisible
in that
street,

only
harassed by
the sound
of the bell,

at once
the
pavement
registered
his quiet
footsteps.

At last
there rang
out the
sound
of the
doorbell
before
Wese's
office,
too loud
for a
doorbell.

right
over the
foun and
up to
heaven,



shut her
window
with a
clatten

Mrs. Wise,
reassured
by the bell,



he dared
not mess
anything.

Palis
bent far
forward.



where
every-
thing
else was
freezing,
Schmar
was
glowing
hot.

But Schmar
melted down
since he had
no other
parts of his
body bare,
he pressed
only his
face and his
hands
against the
pavement.



only his
walking stick
came around
into the
other street
to support
him.

A sudden
whim.

The night sky
invited him,
with its dark
blue and
it's gold.



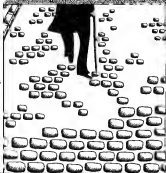
At the
very
corner
dividing
the two
streets
Wese
parried.



Un-
knowing
he lifted
his hat
and
stroked
his hair.



Un-
knowing,
he grazed
up at it.



but he
walked
onto
Schmar's
knife



nothing
up there
drew
together in
a platform to
interpret
the immediate
future
for him,
everything
stayed in its
senseless,
inscrutable
place.

In itself
it was a highly
reasonable
action that
Wese should
walk on,

"You will
never
see Jylt
again!"

"Wise!"
shrieked
Schma;

standing on
tiptoe, his
arm out-
stretched,
the knife
sharply
lowered.

and left
into the
throat

And right
into the
throat

and a
third time
deep into
the bully.



give out
such
a sound
as came
from
Wise.

Water
riffs,
silt open,



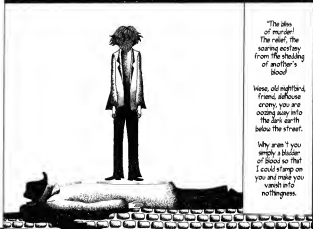
"Done,"
said Schmir;

and pitched
the knife, now
superfluous
blood-stained
bullet,
against
the nearest
house front.

Not all we
want comes
True,
not all the
dreams that
blossomed
have borne
fruit,

your sold
remains lie
here, already
indifferent to
every kick.

What's the
good of the
dumb question
you are
asking?"



"The bliss
of murder!
The relief, the
soaring ecstasy
from the shedding
of another's
blood!

Wise, old nightbird,
friend, airhouse
crony, you are
oozing away into
the dark earth
below the street.

Why aren't you
simply a blizzard
of blood so that
I could stamp on
you and make you
vanish into
nothingness.

'Schmar!
Schmar!
I saw it all,
I missed
nothing.'



Pallas,
choking
on the
poison in
his body,
stood
at the
double-
leafed
door of
his house
as it flew
open.



Pallas and
Schmar
scrutinized
each other.



Schmar
came
to no
conclu-
sion.



The result
of the
scrutiny
satisfied
Pallas.

her face
grown
quite old
with the
shock.

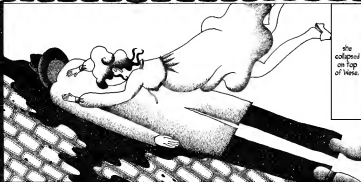


Mrs.
Wese,
with a
crowd of
people
on either
side,
came
rushing
up.

Her
fur coat
swept
open,



she
collapsed
on top
of Wese.





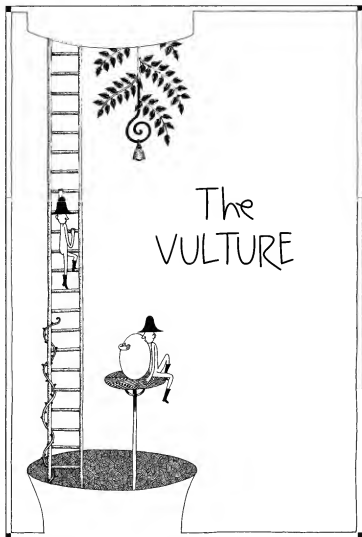
like the
smooth
turf of
a grave
belonged
to the
crowd.

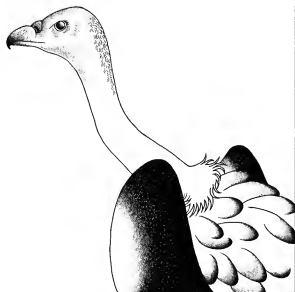
spreading
over the
couple

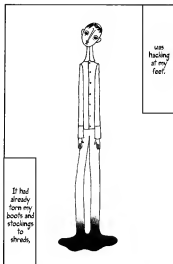
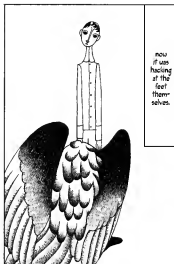
the fur
coat

The night-
gowned
body
belonged
to him,







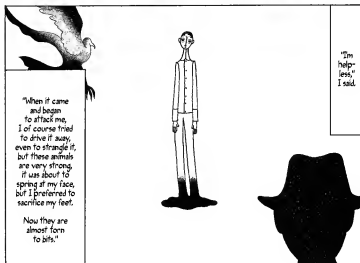


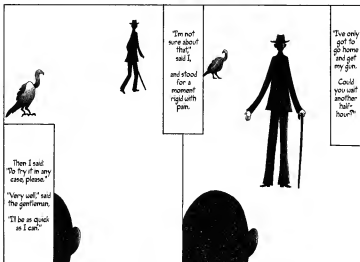
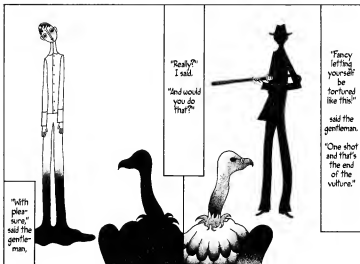


then
returned
to
continue
its work.



A
gentle-
man
passed
by.





it took wing,
leaped far back
to gain impetus,



During this conversation
the vulture had
been calmly
listening,
letting its eye
rove between
me and the
gentleman.

Now I realized
that it had
understood
everything.

thrust
its beak
through
my
mouth,
deep
into me.



and then,
like a
javelin
thruver,

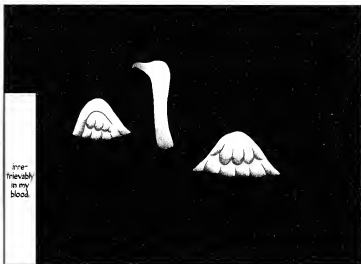
I was
relieved



Falling
back,



to feel
him
drown-
ing



irre-
trievably
in my
blood.

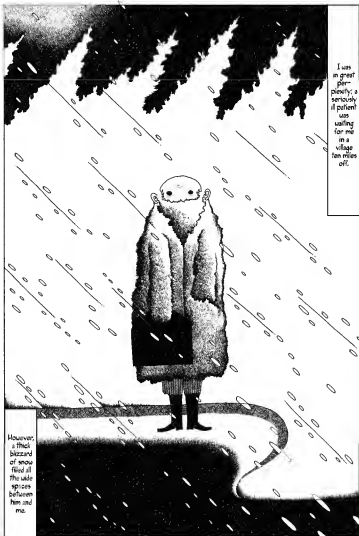
which
was
filling
every
depth,



flooding
every
shore.

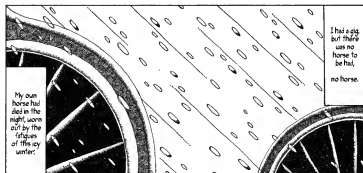
A Country Doctor

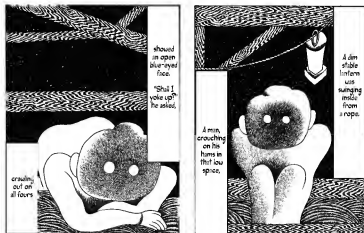




I was in great perplexity; a seriously ill patient was waiting for me in a village ten miles off.

However, a thick blizzard of snow filled all the wide spaces between him and me.







"Hey there, Brother, hey there, Sister" called the groom, and two horses squeezed out through the door hole which they filled entirely.



Yet hardly was she beside him when the groom clipped hold of her and pushed his face against hers.



"Give him a hand," I said,

and the willing girl hurried to help the groom with the harnessing.



on her cheek stood out in red the marks of two rows of teeth.



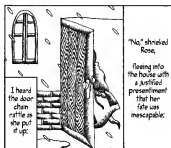
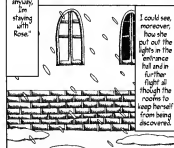
She screamed and fled back to me.

But in the same moment reflected that the man was a stranger; that I did not know where he came from,

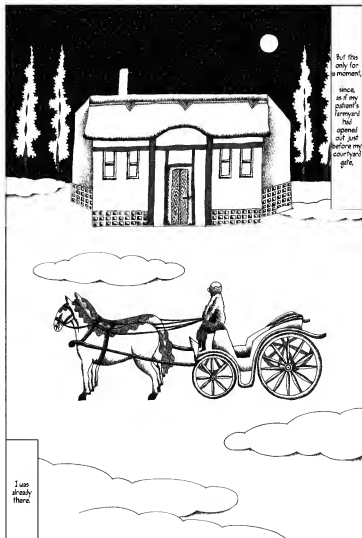
and that of his own free will he was helping me out when everyone else had failed me.



"You brute, do you want a whipping?"



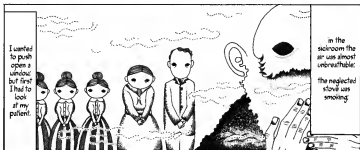
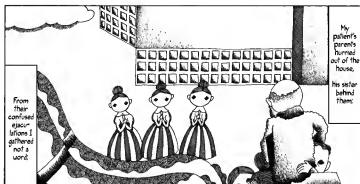


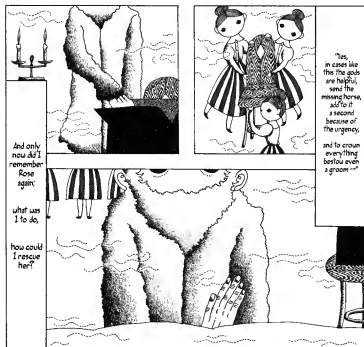


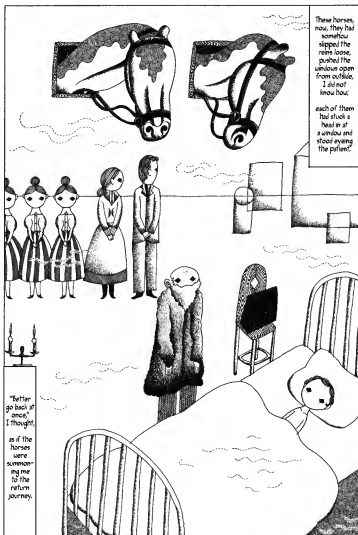
But this only for a moment,

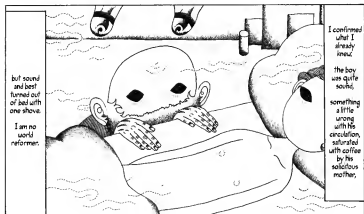
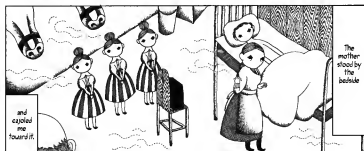
since, as if my patient's farmyard had opened out just before my courtyard gate,

I was already there.









Well, this should be
the end of my visit,

I had once more been
called out needlessly,
I was used to that,

the whole district made
my life a torment with
my night bell,

but that I should have to
sacrifice Rose this time as
well, the pretty girl who
had lived in my house for
years almost without
my noticing her --
that sacrifice was too
much to ask.

I was the district
doctor and did
my duty to
the uttermost,
to the point
where it became
almost too much.

I was badly paid
and yet generous
and helpful to the
poor. I had still
to see that Rose
was all right.

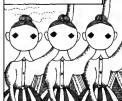


But as I shut my
bag and put an arm
out for my fur
coat, the family
meanwhile
standing together,

the father sniffing
at the glass of
rum in his hand,

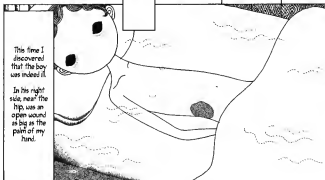
the mother,
apparently
disappointed in me
-- why, what do
people expect? --
biting her lips with
tears in her eyes,

the sister
fluttering
a blood-
soaked towel,

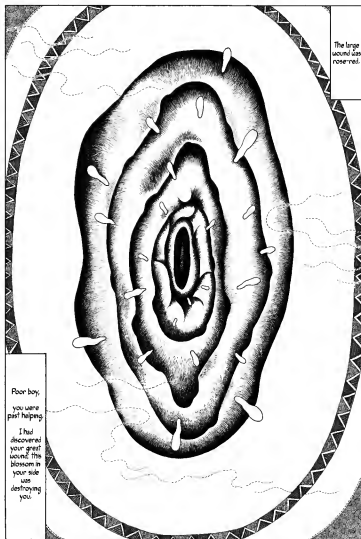


This time I
discovered
that the boy
was indeed ill.

In his right
side, near the
hip, was an
open wound
as big as the
palm of my
hand.



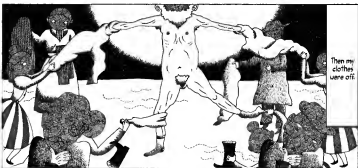
I was
somehow
ready
to admit
condition-
ally that
the boy
might be
ill after
all.

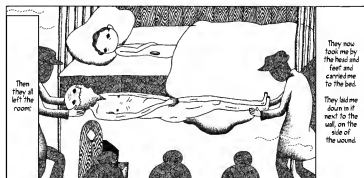


The large wound was reserved.

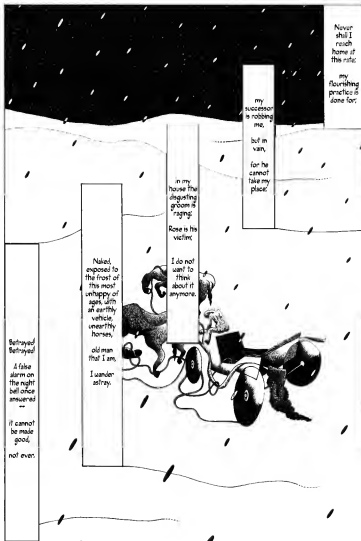
Poor boy,
you were
past helping.

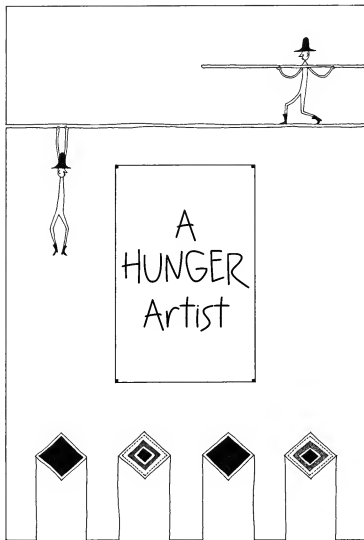
I had
discovered
your great
wound; this
blossom in
your side
was
destroying
you.









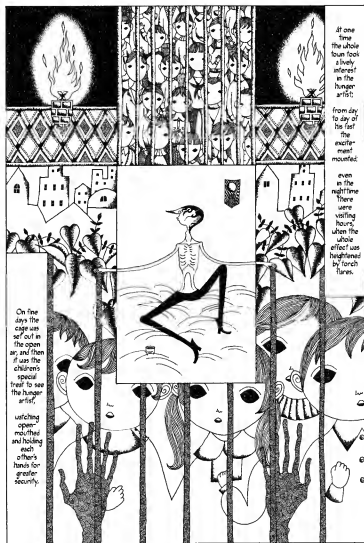


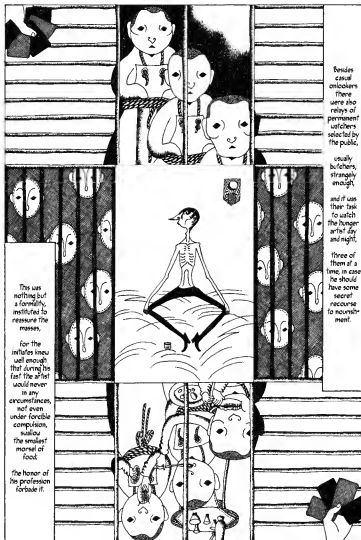
During these
last decades
the interest in
professional
fasting has
markedly
diminished.

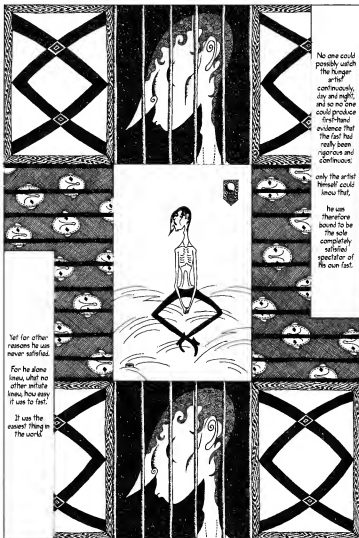
It used to
pay very well
to stage such
great
performances
under one's
own
management,
but today
that is quite
impossible.

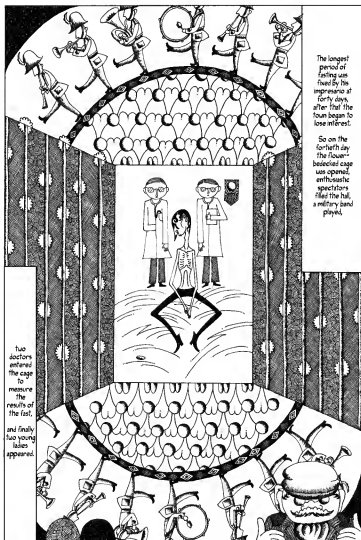


We
live in a
different
world
now.





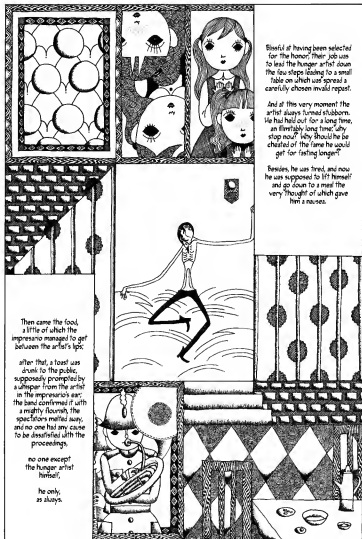




The longest period of fasting was fixed by his impresario at forty days, after that the town began to lose interest.

So on the fortieth day the flower-bedecked cage was opened, enthusiastic spectators filled the hall, a military band played,

two doctors entered the cage to measure the results of the fast, and finally two young ladies appeared.



Blessed at having been selected for the honor, their job was to lead the hunger artist down the few steps leading to a small table on which was spread a carefully chosen invalid repast.

And at this very moment the artist always turned stubborn. He had held out for a long time, an frightfully long time; why stop now? Why should he be cheated of the fame he would get for fasting longer?

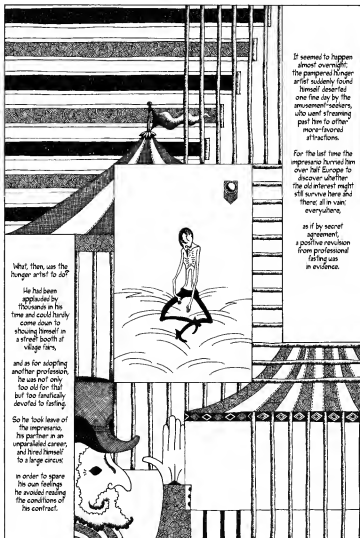
Besides, he was tired, and now he was supposed to lift himself and go down to a meal the very thought of which gave him a nausea.

Then came the food, a little of which the impresario managed to get between the artist's lips;

after that, a toast was drunk to the public, supposedly prompted by a whisper from the artist in the impresario's ear; the band confirmed it with a mighty flourish, the spectators melted away, and no one had any cause to be dissatisfied with the proceedings.

no one except the hunger artist himself,

he only, as always.



What, then, was the
hunger artist to do?

He had been
applauded by
thousands in his
time and could hardly
come down to
showing himself in
a street booth at
village fairs,

and as for adopting
another profession,
he was not only
too old for that
but too fanatically
devoted to fasting.

So he took leave of
the impresario,
his partner in an
unparalleled career,
and hired himself
to a large circus:

in order to spare
his own feelings
he avoided reading
the conditions of
his contract.

It seemed to happen
almost overnight:
the pampered hunger
artist suddenly found
himself deserted
one fine day by the
amusement-seekers,
who went streaming
past him to other
more-favored
attractions.

For the last time the
impresario hurried him
over half Europe to
discover whether
the old interest might
still survive here and
there; all in vain;
everywhere,

as if by secret
agreement,
a positive revulsion
from professional
fasting was
in evidence.

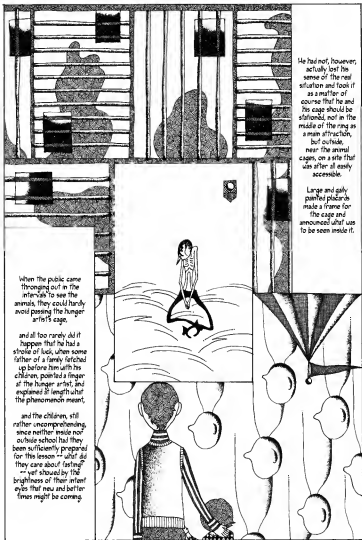
He had not, however, actually lost his sense of the real situation and took it as a matter of course that he and his cage should be stationed, not in the middle of the ring as a main attraction, but outside, near the animal cages, on a site that was after all easily accessible.

Large and gaily painted placards made a frame for the cage and announced what was to be seen inside it.

When the public came thronging out in the intervals to see the animals, they could hardly avoid passing the hunger artist's cage,

and all too rarely did it happen that he had a stroke of luck, when some father of a family fetched up before him with his children, pointed a finger at the hunger artist, and explained at length what the phenomenon meant,

and the children, still rather uncomprehending, since neither inside nor outside school had they been sufficiently prepared for this lesson -- what did they care about fasting? -- yet shamed by the brightness of their intent eyes that new and better times might be coming.



The artist simply fasted on and on,
as he had once dreamed of doing,
and it was no trouble to him, just
as he had always foretold,

but no one counted the days,
no one, not even the artist
himself, knew what records
he was already breaking,
and his heart grew heavy:

And when once in a while some
leisurely passer-by stopped, made
merry over the old figure on the
board, and spoke of suindling,

that was in its way the stupidest
lie ever invented by indifference
and inborn malice, since it
was not the hunger artist
who was cheating.

He was working honestly,
but the world was cheating him
of his reward.

He was only an impediment on
the way to the menagerie.
A small impediment, to be sure,
one that grew steadily less.

People grew familiar with the
strange idea that they could be
expected, in times like these,
to take an interest in a hunger
artist, and with this familiarity the
verdict went out against him.

He might fast as much as he
could, and he did so; but nothing
could save him now. The fine
placards grew dirty and illegible,
they were torn down.

The little notice board telling the
number of fast days achieved,
which at first was changed
carefully every day, had long
stayed at the same figure.





Many more days went by, however, and that too came to an end.

An overseer's eye fell on the cage one day and he asked the attendants why this perfectly good cage should be left standing there unused with dirty straw inside it.

nobody knew, until one man, helped out by the notice board, remembered about the hunger artist.

They poked into the straw with sticks and found him in it.

"Are you still fasting? When on earth do you mean to stop?"

"Forgive me."

"Of course we forgive you."

"I always wanted you to admire my fasting."

"We do admire it."

"But you shouldn't admire it."

"Well then we don't admire it."

"But why shouldn't we admire it?"

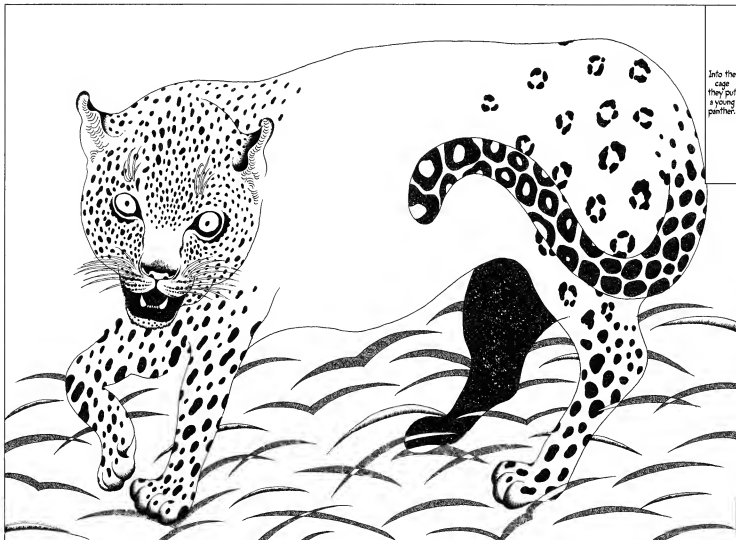
"Because I have to fast, I can't help it."

"What a fellow you are, and why can't you help it?"

"Because, I couldn't find the food I liked. If I had found it, believe me, I should have made no fuss and stuffed myself like you or anyone else."

These were his last words, but in his dimming eyes remained the firm though no longer proud persuasion that he was still continuing to fast.

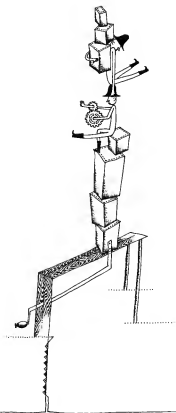
"Well, clear this out now!"

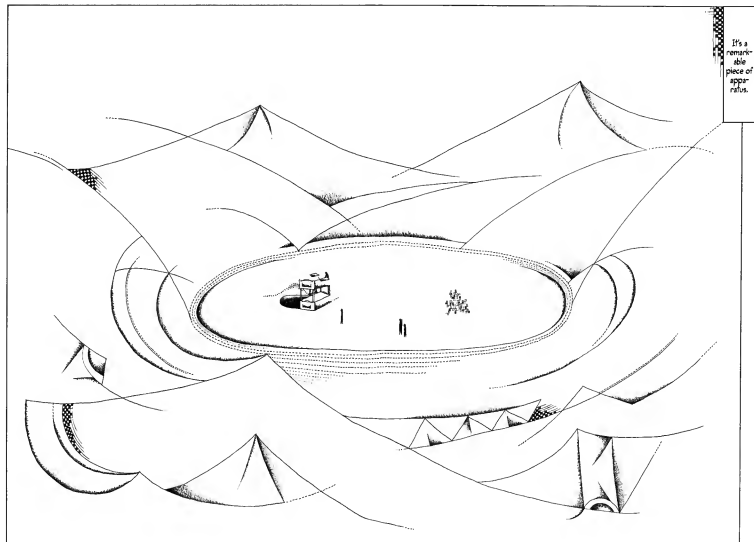


Into the
cage
they put
a young
panther.

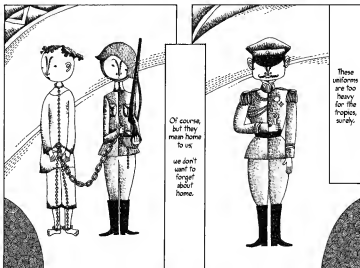


In the Penal Colony





It's a remarkable piece of apparatus.





Well, it isn't saying too much if I tell you that the organization of the whole penal colony is his work.

We who were his friends knew even before he died that the organization of the colony was so perfect that his successor, even with a thousand new schemes in his head, would find it impossible to alter anything, at least for many years to come.

This apparatus was invented by our former Commandant. I assisted at the very earliest experiments and had a share in all the work until its completion.

But the credit of inventing it belongs to him alone.

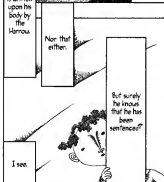
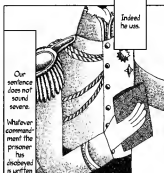
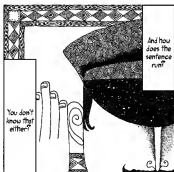
Have you ever heard of our former Commandant? No?

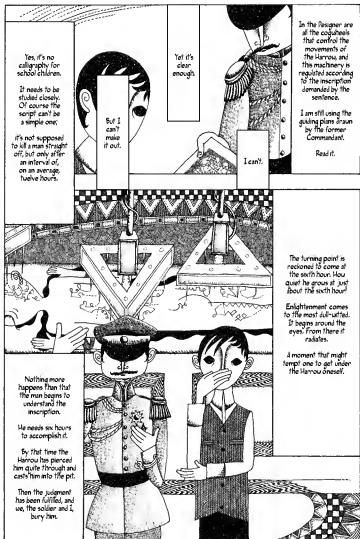
Here stands his apparatus before us.

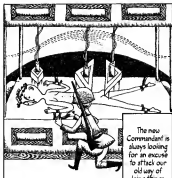
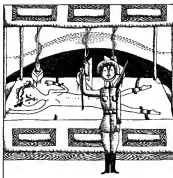
It consists, as you see, of three parts.

In the course of time each of these parts has acquired a kind of popular nickname.

The lower one is called the 'Bed'; the upper one the 'Designer'; and this one here in the middle that moves up and down is called the 'Harrow.'





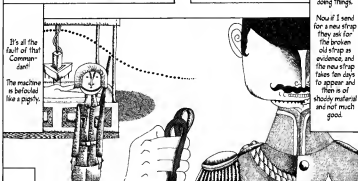


The new Commandant is always looking for an excuse to attack our old way of doing things.

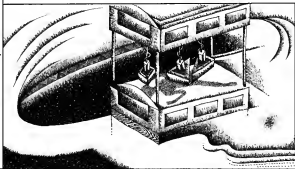
Now if I send for a new strap they ask for the broken old strap as evidence, and the new strap takes ten days to appear and then is of shoddy material and not much good.

It's all the fault of that Commandant!

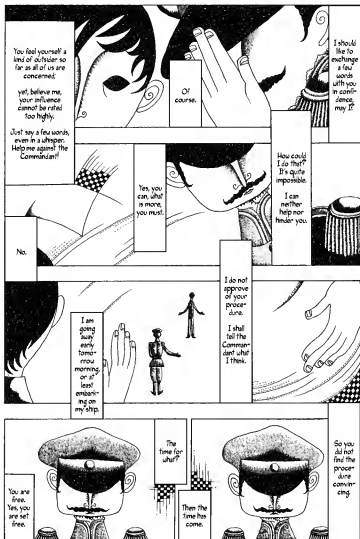
The machine is befouled like a pigsty.



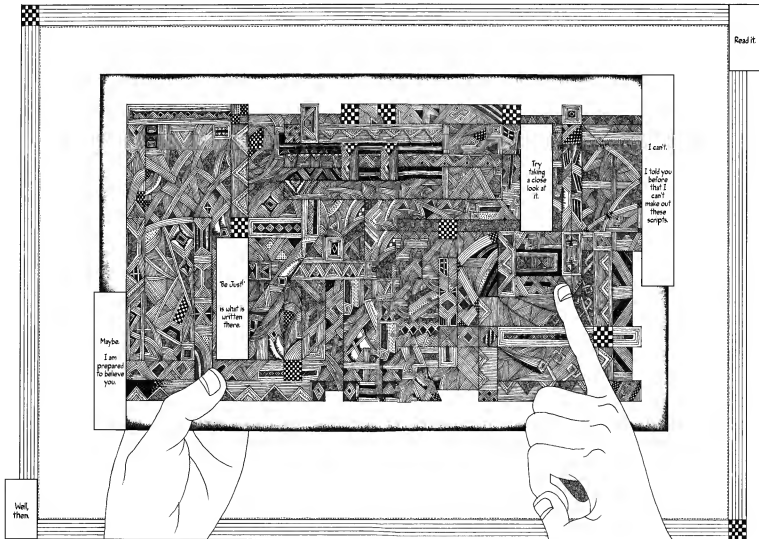
Because of this Commandant, is such a piece of work to perish?

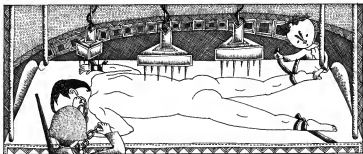


Do you realize the shame of it?

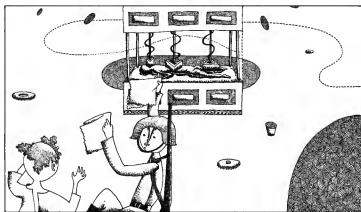
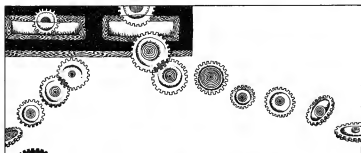
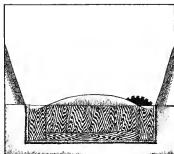
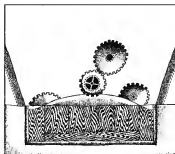


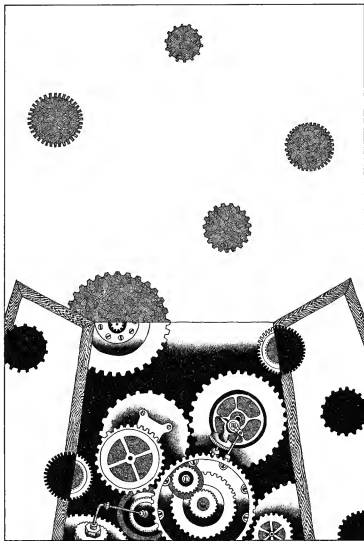
Read it.

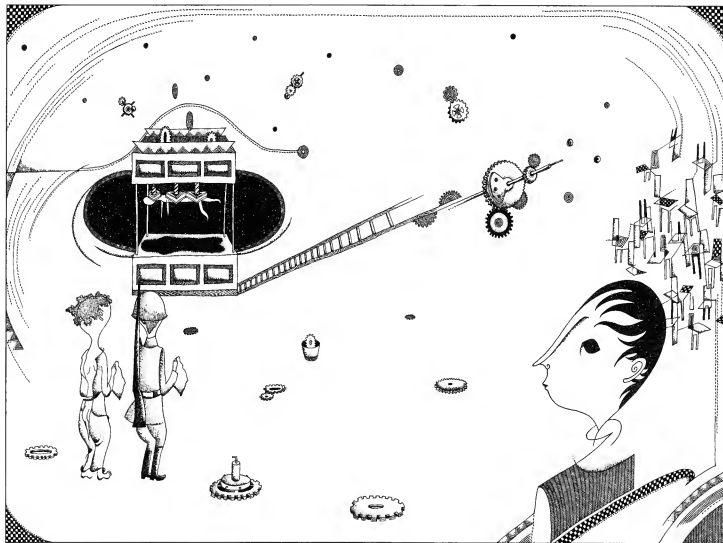


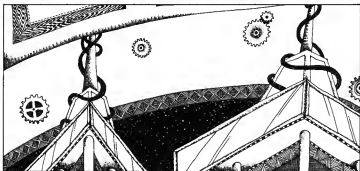
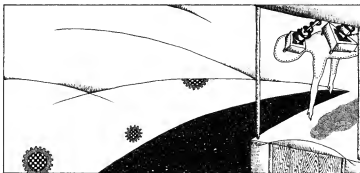


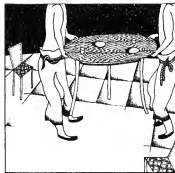
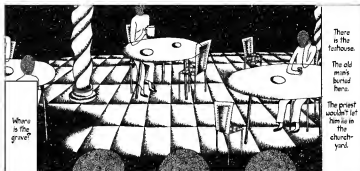


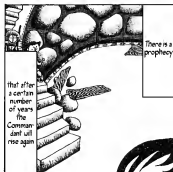
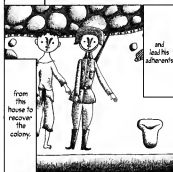
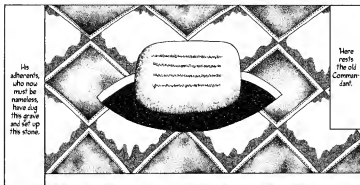


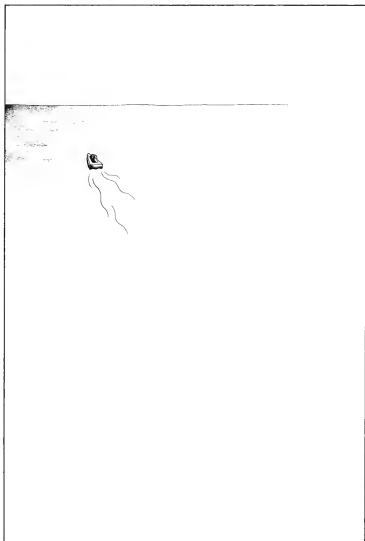












Afterword: About
"The Metamorphosis"
by Nishioka Satoru

I didn't want to do a manga version of *The Metamorphosis*. There were two reasons: Kafka himself was against depicting the protagonist, and it would be impossible to draw a manga without doing so. There was one more reason, too: I personally didn't think *The Metamorphosis* was that interesting. I've read *The Trial* and *The Castle*, as well as many of his short works, over and over again, but I only read *The Metamorphosis* once about twenty years ago and ignored it ever since. Maybe this is going too far, but I always thought it was a bit rubbish, just weird for the sake of being weird. The general consensus seems to be that it's a metaphor for loneliness or a parable of modern life. How boring. I didn't want to include that sort of simplistic crowd-pleaser in an anthology of Kafka's gems. But I had no choice. This is business, after all.

But in the end, I am satisfied with this version of *The Metamorphosis*. After reading it over many times, a certain line caught my attention. It was Gregor's thoughts in the scene when Grete plays the violin for the three lodgers. "Was he an animal, that music had such an effect upon him? He felt as if the way were opening before him to the unknown nourishment he craved." How had I never noticed this passage before? In that instant, I could see a single thread connecting everything. Had not food been a theme since the story's opening?

To make it clearer, this is not a story about transformation, but rather hunger, and Grete is the hidden protagonist in a story of love and hunger. It brings to mind a line from the story *A Hunger Artist*: "Because, I couldn't find the food I liked." His eyes were opened. Gregor showed himself to his sister in hopes that she could provide him a new source of sustenance. And he is rewarded with a death sentence from her. This scene very much resembles the final scene in *The Trial*. And then he is punished with death by starvation. After Gregor's death, the Samsa family goes out for a walk. It was then that Mr. and Mrs. Samsa realized "in spite of all the sorrow of recent times, which had made her cheeks pale, their daughter had bloomed into a pretty girl with a good figure." Grete was still a child, but over the past few months she had matured quickly, almost as if absorbing Gregor's life force.

Here I am reminded of two things related to hunger: power and economics. Kafka the author (and of course here we have no choice but to rely on general consensus) was continually struggling with these two concepts in his works and, at least on the surface, continually losing. And then in the end, a final dodge. Wagering his life.

Kafka was no tawdry prophet; he was just a mundane artist.

Power turned into naked brutality, and economics an incorporeal ghost. But even today "eating" remains an important theme. As long as we continue to eat.

One cannot feed oneself on mist.
We must quickly find a new source of food.